

## LOCAL BRIEFS.

We regret to learn that Miss Alice Holland is quite sick with fever, at her home in this city.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. Annie Hill and little daughter Bessie have returned home from their visit of several months at Beaufort.

Mr. J. A. Stevens, the clever and popular ex-Wayne county representative passed through the city to-day en route to Newbern.

The last and grandest excursion of the season will be run by our popular townsman Mr. R. E. Pipkin from Goldsboro to Richmond, Va., on September 12th.

Why not have a fox hunt in the near future and invite the ladies. It would begreat fun, and if they would leave at four o'clock in the a. m. they could have a fine chase and return before the heat of the day.

ALL of our patrons that are in arrears are requested to make immediate arrangements. The arguments will continue to run and it is the purpose of the new management to make it one of the best Democratic papers in the State.

The A. & N. C. Railroad requests us to announce that they will sell round trip tickets to Durham on September 14th to those wishing to attend the meeting of Holiness Convocation, which convenes in the above-mentioned city on September 15th. Tickets on sale September 14th, good to return until September 21st.

HICKS, the great weather prophet, predicts excessive heat during the remainder of August and September. It will, therefore, be well for our city fathers to continue their diligence in regard to the sanitary condition of our town, to prevent sickness. It is gratifying to know that the fever scare has about subsided, as the nature of it was not so severe as was once thought.

Senator Marion Butler said at Clinton last Wednesday that the demonstration held there for the free coinage of silver would in due time be repeated in every county in the state, and he seems to have meant what he said. The next one will take place in Wake county Thursday. Senator Butler says that Congressman Sibley, of Pennsylvania, will be at Cary on that day. Efforts are being made to secure one rate tickets from adjacent towns.

LAST night about 10 o'clock Mr. W. A. Bonitz who had been absent for several days, entered his home and found a light burning in his room and a man ran out of the window on roof and down a ladder which he had placed there, taking with him about \$35.00 worth of clothing. It is not known who the man was. He cut a large hole in the door of the house trying to get in. The police were notified but have been unable to ascertain anything so far.

A COLORED man by the name of David Johnson in the employ of our townsman Mr. J. C. Eason is in trouble. It seems that he wanted to take his best girl out riding. He asked Mr. Eason to hire him his horse, being refused he waited his chance, stole the horse and buggy about 9 o'clock on Saturday night. Officer Miller was put on the case and about ten o'clock, succeeded in capturing Daniel, horse, buggy and all. He is in jail for lack of bail.

QUITE a number of pleasant entertainments have been held in this city recently. Still a number are yet spoken of. One among them is the musical festival to come off at the hospitable home of Mr. L. D. Giddens tomorrow night. Each and every one attending will be required to play sing, or recite. Every one invited that can sing or play and those who can do either will be provided with an instrument they can play on. Those attending must bring their own music, and a programme will be made up after all have arrived. Hours from 8 p. m. to 3 a. m. Watermelons on ice and fans during the intermission.

SATURDAY night about nine o'clock information was lodged with Chief Freeman that a colored man was stationed near the residence of Mr. Thos. I. Sutton and that he was armed with a double barrel shot gun and was acting in a mysterious manner. Chief Freeman, accompanied by officer Herring started out on an investigating tour. Standing near a tree they found a man with his feet done up in tow bagging, shot gun in hand. What are you doing here asked the Chief? The party appeared cullen and showed fight. Upon hands being laid upon him he attempted to use his gun; the officers proved game, however, and after a hard tussle, being assisted by several citizens, they succeeded in landing their prisoner in jail. The person's name is Dok Best and it seems that he was waiting to put the light out of one William Best. Upon investigation before Mayor Hill to-day, in default of bail, Best was locked up. From the evidence there is a woman in it.

United States cruiser Cincinnati sailed from Newport yesterday for the Florida coast to relieve the Atlanta.

## DROWNED WHILE IN BATHING.

### A DISTRESSING AFFAIR AT OCEAN VIEW YESTERDAY.

#### MR. BOBBITT'S BRAVE DEED.

Mr. R. E. Evans, Manager for the Armour Packing Company, Swopt Out by the Undertow: Heroic But Valiant Effort to Save Him.

Wilmington Messenger.

The distressing intelligence was telephoned to the city yesterday afternoon shortly before five o'clock, from the club house of the Carolina Yacht club, on Ocean View Beach, that Mr. R. E. Evans, manager of the Armour Packing Company, in this city and Mr. S. M. Bobbitt, of Wilson, were drowned while in surf bathing. Another message was received a few minutes later that Mr. Bobbitt was rescued and only Mr. Evans was lost.

The sad affair happened in front of the club house about 4.30 p. m., while ten or a dozen men were in bathing. The tide was just passed flood and had begun to run out with a strong current. The slough or channel which runs close into the beach and which at low tide is about waist deep, was over the heads of the bathers in consequence of the high tide. Among the bathers were Mr. L. E. Evans and near him were Messrs. W. A. Dick, W. W. Murrell, S. M. Bobbitt and others. They were on the edge of the slough and it was noticed that there was a strong undertow running back into it from the reef of the breakers on the beach. There was considerable surf, and the unfortunate accident was caused by a big breaker that curled up over the bathers and covered them up.

Mr. Dick, who was near Mr. Evans, states that when he recovered his footing after the breaker had expended its force, he saw that Mr. Evans had been carried into the slough by the undertow and was in water over his head. He was not a swimmer, and he shouted out to Mr. Dick, "Help me, Billy." Mr. Dick heroically went to his rescue and when he got close to the drowning man he told him to be calm and not seize him and he would save him. Mr. Evans appeared to understand, but when Mr. Dick seized him by the arm, he lost control of himself and clasped both arms around Mr. Dick's neck.

This rendered the rescuer helpless and Mr. Dick realized that both would drown if he could not free himself. The two were then struggling in the surf and a perfect panic seized the spectators on the beach and on the club house piazza. A number of ladies were looking on and were frantic in contemplating the scene.

In the meantime Mr. Dick, by a herculean effort, freed himself from Mr. Evans' grasp and a big breaker separated the two, sweeping Mr. Dick about ten feet toward the beach where he could touch the bottom. He held his own but the receding waves carried Mr. Evans further out. Mr. Bobbitt, at the risk of his life bravely swam to Mr. Evans and also warned him not to seize him, but the unfortunate man grappled and almost drowned him before he could free himself. Mr. Evans was then beyond rescue and Mr. Bobbitt was exhausted and helpless himself. Mr. Murrell, a much smaller man, with great bravery went to Mr. Bobbitt's rescue. Meanwhile a lady who had witnessed the terrible affair shouted for some one to take a life line to them. The line was quickly passed to Mr. Bobbitt who was exhausted and he seized it and threw the end around Mr. Bobbitt's waist and held him in his grasp while Mr. Dick pulled them both in. Both were thus saved.

While the tragedy was at its height Mr. Dick was shouting to the other bathers to help the man, but they were either panic stricken or did not hear his appeals. Mr. Evans had disappeared beneath the waves and a number of the bathers went in to the surf as far as they could with the hope that the surf would bring him in. After he had been in the water a half hour his body was seen and Mr. H. K. Nash was far enough out to seize it and with help brought it ashore. The limp body was carried to the cottage of the Rev. Dr. Strange's where friends tried with every effort to resuscitate the drowned man. Dr. A. H. Harris, of this city, and Dr. O'Donohue, of Charlotte, had come on the scene and they exhausted all their means and science with the hope of bringing life back. All efforts, however, were in vain, and everybody was pained and distressed to realize that the last spark of life had fled. Life was extinct when the body was gotten ashore.

When the sad news reached the city Mr. R. C. Schulz, shipping clerk at the armour establishment, took the first train (at

5.55 o'clock p. m.) and went to the scene. The body was tenderly cared for and was brought to the city on the train which arrived in the city at 6.45 o'clock p. m. Upon arrival of the train the body was taken in charge by Mr. J. B. Cooper, of Woolvin's undertaking establishment, and conveyed in a carriage to Mrs. S. P. Collier's boarding house, on Front and Chestnut streets, where it was embalmed and placed in a casket.

Mr. Evans had rooms in the Dickinson house, on Front and Chestnut streets, and took his meals at Mrs. Collier's. He came in late to dinner, and with Mr. Dick and others, left for the beach on the 3 o'clock p. m. train. He was usually bright and cheerful, and little did his friends think when he left the city his life would be so terribly ended in an hour and a half. His friends, of whom he had made some warm ones, though a comparative stranger in the city, were greatly shocked by the occurrence.

All who have been thrown with Mr. Evans highly esteemed him. He was genial in his disposition and pleasant in manners, and his presence was always a source of pleasure to his acquaintances. It was only the day before he was drowned that he was conversing with his friends at Mrs. Collier's. He spoke of his inability to swim, and said he was very cautious when he went in the surf. He particularly said it was very foolish in those who could not swim to venture far out and that he would never risk himself beyond a safe depth.

Mr. Evans was about 33 years of age and had been married about eight years, his wife and two little children making their home in Roanoke, Va. They are at present spending the summer about fifteen miles from Roanoke and friends in that city were telegraphed to break the terrible news to her. He came here from Roanoke last February and succeeded in securing a position as manager for the Armour Packing company. He had not visited his family since he has been here, but would have left for Roanoke yesterday had it not been for the fact that he was detained in making up his quarterly report to the company. He had consequently determined to leave on a visit to his wife and little ones next Saturday, instead of the joyous meeting that all were prepared for, fate had decreed a sad home-coming and grief and sorrow for his loved ones instead of joy and gladness.

Mr. Evans was an Odd Fellow and Knight of Pythias, he had no so far as we could learn, affiliate with any of the lodges of those orders here. Mr. W. H. Howell, Chancellor Commander of Stonewall Lodge No. 1, K. of P., called at Mrs. Collier's and other Pythians and did all that could be done.

#### An Unprecedented Condition.

The South has raised the largest corn crop in its history, and likewise the largest fruit and vegetable crops; its cotton crop promises a fair yield, with a prospect for good prices; its industrial interests are almost without exception busy and prosperous; its furnaces are pushed to meet the demand for iron at profitable figures; its coal mines are turning out a larger product than ever before; its textile industries are busy, while capital and population are tending southward from every other section. Such a combination never existed before in the South's history. Now is the time for every place in the South to work to get the greatest benefits out of this unprecedented condition of affairs. This can be accomplished by advertising in the Manufacturers' Record if you want to reach the manufacturers and capitalists of this country, and by advertising in the Southern States magazine if you want to reach land buyers, prospective settlers from the North and West, real estate operators, colonization agents and companies and fruit growers of the North and West.

#### Pikeville Letter.

Pikeville, Aug. 12th. Dear Argus:—Miss Sallie Merritt, of the Nahant section, is in town on a visit to friends.

Mrs. S. P. Blow, who has been spending some days with relatives in the Eureka section, returned home Saturday.

Mr. Silas Smith, of Magnolia, came up Friday on a visit to his father, Mr. J. P. Smith. The Free Will Baptist revival, which has been going on at Pleasant Grove, near here, during the past week, closed Sunday, with six accessions to the church. The baptizing will take place at Elder D. Davis' fish pond next Friday morning at 9 o'clock.

Mr. R. R. Dempsey, the clever and efficient section master on the Goldsboro section of the W. & W. railroad, was in town Sunday, on a visit to friends.

Mrs. R. E. Batman and children, of Wilson county, who have been visiting relatives in our town, returned home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ham, returned home Friday from a visit to relatives, near Stantonburg. Mr. W. S. Stallings, of Athens, Ga., was in town last week, on visit to his sister, Mrs. J. B. Smith.

## UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

### MRS. VAIL TELLS OF THE NOBLE DEEDS OF A "HERO"

Of the Confederacy, James H. Davis, of Providence Township: His Generosity, She Says, Was Unexcelled.

Charlotte Observer.

"I see," said Mrs. T. L. Vail to the Observer several days ago, "that Capt. Sam. White is going to erect a monument to the faithful slaves and women of the Confederacy, who, while their masters and husbands were off defending their rights and country, were at home guarding their houses and property."

"There was one man, whose bounty hundreds lived by, but whom this generation knows not of, and I want to say that I would be glad to contribute toward a monument for him. I refer to James H. Davis, of Providence township, the grandest, noblest man I ever knew. He was the wealthiest man of this section. He furnished the people of this entire section, Mecklenburg, Union, and the upper counties of South Carolina, with corn, wheat, bacon and other supplies all during the war. His corn crib stood in open day and night to the women of the Confederacy, and I have seen as many as sixteen wagons standing before the doors of his barn and smoke houses at one time, being filled with meat and corn for the wives and children of the men who were off in the army. He was the grandest man I ever knew. His heart was full to overflowing with the 'milk of human kindness,' and from far and near the women of the South rose and called him blessed, for many of them would have gone hungry but for this noble, generous man. While monuments are being built to the memory of the faithful in those days that tried men's souls, I feel like the women of this State and South Carolina should know of this man whose heart, house and crib were open to them in the day of their need, and I for one, would be glad to contribute toward the monument for this man, whose bounty I, with hundreds of other women of this section, enjoyed during the days when our husbands and sons were off in battle."

So enthused was Mrs. Vail on the subject of this "noble man," that the Observer felt that it must become better acquainted with the hero of the Confederacy, whom Mrs. Vail said deserved to "rank with Lee and Jackson," so inquiry concerning him was made. Mr. Davis lived near Providence church. His place was known as the "Egypt" of the Carolinas, and to-day is still called the "Big Jim Davis" place.

Mrs. Vail's statements as to this man's wondrous kindness and generosity were more than corroborated. His house was a home for the widows and orphans of the Confederacy: his crib was free to all in need. From "sun to sun" wagons were to be seen passing to and from his place, empty when they went, full when returning.

After the war he sold numbers of horses and cows, on time, to people unable to buy. He started many a poor boy in life. And this great man, who spent his wealth on others in their time of need and poverty, and whose name is but a memory with those who lived off his bounty, has a son—his only child—living in Charlotte—M. L. Davis, of South Tryon street. Mr. Davis inherits his father's lavish generosity. He has given away a fortune or two, but has often had fortunes left him, the Lord seeming to prosper the hand that "had pity upon the poor." Mr. M. S. Davis married Julia Davis, a full cousin. They and Mrs. Davis' sister, who lives with them at their home in this city, are the last of the "old Davis" family.

#### A Hot Wave.

Weather Forecaster Dunn, of New York, according to the World, predicts extremely warm weather for the months of August and September. And Mr. Hicks, of almanac fame, rather agrees with him. So, between the two, the people of this portion of the world will have about all they can attend to. The New York World contains the following from Mr. Dunn. "Look out for the balance of this month and September." "They will be the warmest months of the year. Everything points to scorching weather from now on. We've stayed it off as long as I could, but I can't do it any longer. No doubt there are many who imagine the hot season to be practically over because it has been cool so long, but as I have said, let them now prepare for warmth."

R. A. Barnes, treasurer of Sumter county, Ala., shot himself dead yesterday morning at Livingston, Ala. He was short in his accounts \$6,500.

At Cullum, Ala., Mrs. Carrie E. committed suicide by poisoning a box of matches in her water, and then drinking the water.

The fourteenth Parliament of Queen Victoria opened yesterday with the customary proceedings.

## REPUBLICAN ULTIMATUM.

### Wilmington Messenger.

Raleigh, Aug. 12.—A Republican, some of whose utterances must be inspired, is doing some talking here. He says the Republicans are demanding as a prerequisite to fusion with the Populists that they shall have one United States Senator, one Supreme court Justice, the Governor, the Secretary of State and Attorney General and five of the eleven electoral votes, with pledges from the six Populist electors that if there is a contest between a Democrat and a Republican they will cast their vote for the latter. There is no objection on the part of the Republicans to Treasurer Worth, in fact they are for him. It is alleged that Senator Pritchard favors Daniel L. Russell for Governor. The name of Thomas R. Arnell is quite prominently mentioned for Secretary of State. This Republican who talks so much said that he did not believe in allowing a "small body of long-haired and wild-eyed Populists, only 40,000 strong, to dictate to the Republicans, and that the Populists ought to be glad to get what the Republicans gave them." Those who heard this assured the Republican who was talking that "the Republican pole was not quite long enough to reach the persimmons" and that a Populist splice was necessary to insure that sort of success.

Secretary of State Coke's condition was worse Saturday evening. He is at the Executive mansion. He went there sick from the insane asylum, of which he is the pharmacist.

The condition of Mrs. A. H. Lewis, which was serious Saturday night, is improved somewhat to-day. She had a relapse.

The Atlantic Coast Line to-day paid in full its State taxes on all its line and branches, amounting to \$16,647.06.

It is the purpose of the Farmers' Alliance to go into manufacturing. Mr. J. W. Denmark tells me that the purpose is to develop the shoe and leather trade first, buying hides and bark from the farmers and selling them shoes, and that then it is the plan to establish a factory for the manufacture of wool hats. He says there are only thirty-two such manufactories in this country.

The heat yesterday was positively withering. During the past five or six days there has been about as much physical discomfort as can well be imagined. There was great heat against this morning, but at noon a breeze and a rain relieved the pressure somewhat. A good deal of rain is needed by all crops save cotton.

Secretary Barnes, of the State Farmers' Alliance, says the reports show what he terms an encouraging increase of its membership. Its meeting at Cary begins to-morrow and closes with the big picnic Thursday.

## LIST OF LETTERS.

In Postoffice at Goldsboro, August 10th:

MEN'S LIST.  
Best, Calvin, Freelove, George, Gilbert, W. H., Gray, J. W., Little, E. W., Morris, W. C., Paschal, L. F., Smith, Johnnie, Stephens, Henry, Stephens, E. A., Taylor, Whit, Thomas, Eugene, Williams, N. O., Williams, Hosea, LADIES' LIST.  
Brinson, George, Mrs., Brown Mary, Mrs., Broadhurst, Lucy, Miss, Brinson, Georgia, Mrs., Bunnie, Minnie Lee, Mrs., Cullen Mack, Miss, Dones, Australia, Miss, Edmonson, Emma, Mrs., Mazingo, Mattie, Miss, Phelps, W. R. Mrs., Pridges, Hanar, Mrs., Public, Josephina, Mrs., Summerlin, Seamy, Miss, Wanslow, Sarah, Miss, Williams, Bessie, Miss.

Persons calling for above letters will please say advertised and give date of same. The register will require that one cent be paid on all advertised letters.

J. W. BRYAN, P. M.

Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wise, the celebrated French engineer and explorer, died in Paris yesterday. He was born in 1843.

Charlotte News.—News comes from Monroe that two negroes got into a row over a game of ball several days ago, and one of them after striking the other on the head with a bat, ripped out a knife and cut him in the throat, severing the jugular vein.

The election on the question of creating Scotland county out of a part of Richmond county was held last week. The new county was defeated by a majority of 1,500. The campaign was very bitter. For fifty years the movement for Scotland county has failed.

The Liquor Dealers, Distillers and Grape-growers Association of North Carolina will meet in Annual Convention, August 20, 1895, in Asheville, N. C. Come one and all meet with our Asheville brothers, who will receive you with a hearty welcome in the beautiful city of the mountains. Greatly reduced rates on all the railroads. See Bar, A. V. Deberry, Pres., Secretary.

## RIOT AT WINSTON, FIGHT BETWEEN NEGROES AND MILITIAMEN.

Armed Negroes Surround the Jail, Refusal to Disperse, Officers Fired Upon. Militia Called Out.

Raleigh, N. C., Aug. 12.—The adjutant general to-day received a telegram from Winston from Capt. J. C. Bessent, commanding the local military, informing him of the action of the negro mob there last night. This afternoon Mayor Gray, of Winston, telegraphed the adjutant general, requesting that a Gatling gun be sent at once to Winston. The Gatling gun detachment at Charlotte was at once ordered to go to Winston and Capt. Bessent was ordered to meet it upon arrival.

[By Southern Press.]

Winston, N. C., Aug. 12.—A riot between whites and blacks, which came near terminating seriously, occurred here last night. The trouble originating over a report given out at about 9 o'clock that all the colored churches to the effect that a crowd of whites were going to lynch Arthur Tuttle, who is being tried here for the murder of Policeman Vickers last May. The negroes, to the number of 300, marched to the jail, where they remained for several hours. They were armed with pistols and guns. Mayor Gray addressed the negroes, assuring them that there was no danger of lynching and begging them to disperse. Sheriff McArthur and two Winston lawyers also urged the band to go away, telling them there was no occasion for their conduct.

Judge Brown, who is holding court, notified the negroes that they were violating the law, that Tuttle was getting a fair trial, and that he would be protection. The negroes told his honor that they would disperse if the sheriff would place twenty officers on guard around the jail. This was done, but many of the mob refused to leave.

Sheriff McArthur, in response to orders from Judge Brown, called out the Forsyth Riflemen and a number of deputies. His honor also instructed the sheriff to arrest all negroes who refused to disperse. The mob then began firing on the whites, several officers being struck with small arms shot, but none were hurt seriously. About 150 shots were fired by the Riflemen and negroes, but no one was killed. The negroes broke and ran when the militia began shooting. Fourteen of the rioters are in jail.

Upon assembling of court Judge Brown summoned the grand jury before him and instructed them to investigate who was responsible for last night's riot and see that they were punished.

Winston's City Fathers to-day instructed Mayor Gray to order a Gatling gun from Charlotte and to ask the authorities there to furnish a man to operate it. The Mayor, chief of police and sheriff were also instructed to make all necessary arrangements for the protection of the city to-night and to procure all arms and ammunition needed.

Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 12.—A Gatling gun under the direction of men left here this evening for Winston. So far as is known here at a late hour to-night to-night, all is quiet there. The Sheriff believes that the trouble is under control. A large force of special policemen has been sworn in for to-night. It is reported that three thousand negroes are massed near the town to-night, but the report is doubtless sensational.

## THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The Confederate Veteran, published in Nashville, Tenn., by S. A. Cunningham is doing a great work in keeping green the memories of the brave men who wore the gray. It should be patronized by every one who loves the South and the principles for which the Southern soldier fought.

Mr. Corbett says he has invented a new punch, which he has dubbed the "rib roaster," with which we suppose he proposes to make it hot for the other fellow.

Near Cape Charles, Va. Mr. Edward Doughty, aged 66 years, committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver. Deceased was supposed to be insane when he committed the act.

The mortality among the colored people of Anson from consumption is appalling. We think it is no exaggeration to say that we have heard of at least twenty-five deaths of colored persons from this cause in the last three months.—Wadesboro Messenger.

## BEING A WOMAN.

He laid the magazine down. "That is a good bit of work," he said, "one of the cleverest things you have done. How came you to write it?" She laughed softly. "I knew you would ask. I said to myself, he will scarcely recognize it as mine."

"True for you to be the author of an intense little love song, where one can almost feel the heart beating, the warm blood leaping, seems to me slightly incongruous."

"And yet I am no Puritan."

"In one sense—no; but you nevertheless embody my idea of the self-controlled woman of the world—a woman who will never let passion sway nor feeling govern her actions."

"Being a cold woman," she said, "a criticism like yours will necessarily not phase me."

"When did a criticism of mine ever phase you?" he retorted. "You are too confident, too self-assured for that."

"That a disagreeable sort of person I must be," she smiled. "How can you bear to be with me? Do you come to see me from pure kindness—because you do not wish to wound me? Surely you can find no pleasure in talking to one so unfeeling."

"Nevertheless I do; I rarely leave this house without registering a vow never to return, but as surely as the day comes round I find myself once more ringing at your gate."

"No doubt ringing several times before admitted," she laughed; "but you, who believe in sentiment, will forgive poor Maxwell; he is in love with one of the maids, and is therefore incapacitated for the trifling duties of every day."

"Doubtless you find the case interesting from a psychological point of view?"

"I do. Mamma wishes to dismiss them both, but I have begged that they be allowed to remain. I tell you this to show you what an overflowing fund of sympathy I possess—to let you see how little you have appreciated the nobler attributes of my character."

"Whatever else I have done," he said, "I have never underrated your facility for turning things into ridicule. It is a fatal gift—that of seeing always the comic side of life. It is all well enough while you are young; but some day—"

"Some day, I know not when or how," she smiled. "When that time comes, I will have grown so used to everything that nothing will matter much one way or the other. In the meanwhile, 'vive la bagatelle!'"

"And is it to be always thus?" he cried. "Will you never crave something better than admiration or flattery—the mere surface pleasures of a society woman's existence? Have you not sometimes thought there would be more happiness in love?"

She lifted her eyes. "So you think, then, I have not been loved?"

She got up, and from the drawer of a cabinet took out a book of photographs. "I am going to do an unconventional thing," she said, when she was seated again, "but you do not know any of these men, so there can be no breach of confidence. Come here"—she motioned him to the ottoman at her side. "This man"—she touched the first picture lightly—"is a distinguished northern physician. I met him one summer in Canada. We were both of us off for a rest (sometimes people are at their best then); he that as it may, we saw a good deal of each other, and before we parted in the autumn he offered me—more than friendship."

"This other is a lawyer who graduated with distinction from a celebrated eastern college. He is a clear and logical mind, one that cannot be deceived by mere appearances. He also"—she turned the page. "This boyish-looking fellow is the only son of an English nobleman. I might have been 'my lady' and dated my letters from 'Something-or-Other Park' or from my townhouse in London had he desired. The dark-haired foreigner is a Russian—the De Vaucres introduced him to me in Paris; he has written several articles on the American woman's femininity. The man in uniform is a German—but why go on?" flicking the pages slightly.

"I have gained my point, have I not? You believe now that I occasionally inspire affection?"

Her tone was wistful, though she smiled.

"How you misunderstand me," he cried. "You know very well I never said you were incapable of awaking affection (you can make any man love you if you wish), but the game once won, the conquest made, your interest in the affair wanes—that is what I complain of, your incapacity for appreciating a man's devotion."

She did not answer. The roses on her breast trembled, the hand holding the book clasped it a trifle closer.

"Of all those men," he went on,

"was there none whom you could care for, no one whose pleadings awoke a responsive echo in your heart? Your heart!"—scornfully—"why should I speak of what you do not possess?"

"True," she echoed, leaning toward him; "long ago, ere I had grown so worldly-wise, or learned to guard and fence, to weigh and ponder—I gave my heart away! Gave it away to one who valued the gift so lightly that he scarcely realized it was his. And are you so lost to chivalry that you would mock me for my poverty?"

"Margaret!" he exclaimed.

"I, who look at sentiment from a psychological point of view—who care only for the surface pleasures of a society woman's existence—who see the ridiculous side of life and not its pathos—have all these years fed my fancy on a dream."

He passed his hand over his brow. "Are you in earnest? Is not this some jest to torture me? I cannot believe the man lives who is indifferent to your affection. Perhaps you wrong him, perhaps he is awkward at expressing his deeper emotions; it may be that you are so dear to him that he fears to lose your friendship—perhaps he is asking for your love. It may be that he puts so poor an estimate upon himself that in his wildest dreams he cannot imagine your caring for him. Who knows?—perhaps at this moment he loves you with all his strength, yet dares not speak, for fear of your waving him aside as something of little worth."

"You plead his case well," she said. "One might imagine that, in your day, you had known what it was to let vanity stand in the way of happiness. Tell me—if you cared for a woman—cared for her enough to ask her to be your wife, would you (loving her like this) hold your peace because, forsooth, you did not feel sure what her answer would be?"

"Assuredly," he said.

"Cruel, ungenerous!" she cried, springing to her feet. "You would not tell her when, even though she guessed the truth, being a woman she could not speak. Oh, how heart what you would say—I have heard the old tale before. 'Any woman can make a man propose to her.' That is not true. Let her overstep the bounds ever so slightly, encourage him a trifle too much, show him too plainly what her heart is and he turns from her in disgust. Ah, if the day should come when you find yourself in the place of the character we have conjured up—I pray you, of your goodness, tell her the truth."

He took a half step toward her.

"Margaret," he said, and his voice faltered, "do with me what you will—I love you."

There was a moment's silence—a silence fraught with feeling. Then she lifted her eyes. They were full of tears.

"If I could," she said in a low voice, "I would turn your words off with a laugh—pretend, as I have done with many, that I thought you were only in jest; but the time for that is past. I can play a part no longer. Archie (the old name fell tenderly from her lips), 'hear from me what you might have guessed long ago. I have loved you all my life.'—N. O. Times-Democrat.

## The Happy Man Found.

Mr. Isaac Joiner, of Western Newton, who is eighty-two years old, spent Saturday in town. Some fifty-five years ago he bought a piece of land in Lake Hill district, and